

The Wreck.

All night the booming minute gun had pealed along the steep. And mournfully the rising sun looked over the tide-worn steep. A bark from India's coral strand, before the raging blast, had veiled her noble mast. And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship—brave hearts had striven, And true ones died with her— We saw her mighty cable riven, Like floating gossamer. We saw her proud flag struck that morn, A star once o'er the seas— Her anchor gone, her deck upturn— And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away— The rocks with pearls were sown, And strangely and the ruby's ray Flashed out o'er irated stone. And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er; Like ashes by a breeze; And gorgeous dresses—such as that shore Had sadder things than these!

We saw the strong man still and low, A crushed rod thrown aside; Yet, by the rigid lip and brow, In silent strife he died. And near him on the seaward lay— Till then we thought him dead— But well our gushing hearts might say, That there a mother slept!

For her pale arms a babe had prest, With such a weeping grasp. Her eyes had dimpled o'er fond breast, Yet not a sound she made. Her very tresses were being To wrap the fair child's form. Where still their wet long streamers hung, All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst the wild scene, Like slumbers, trustfully serene, In melancholy grace, Deeds in her bosom lay his head. With half-shut violet eyes— The known face of her dear dead, Nought of her agony!

Oh! human love, whose yearning heart Through all things vainly part, Seeks upon its own dear part Its passionate adieu— Surely thou hast another lot, Where thou shalt rest, remembering Not the meaning of the sea! MRS. HEMANS.

FATHER JOSEPH LA CARON, O. S. F. Discoverer of Lake Huron, and Founder of the Huron Mission.

BY JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, M. A., M. D. We are told by Bancroft, that "years before the Pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod, the Catholic Church had been planted by missionaries from France in the eastern half of Maine; and La Caron, an unambitious Franciscan, had penetrated the land of Mohawks, had passed to the north in the hunting grounds of the Wyandots, and, bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had, on foot, or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward and still onward, taking aim at the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron."

Who was this devoted priest, to whom the historian of the United States so briefly refers, and what did he do? In the seventeenth century there stood a modest Franciscan monastery near the small French seaport of Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay. Among its pious inmates was Father Joseph La Caron. When Champlain laid the corner-stone of a Christian mission in Canada, his first thought was to aid in saving the souls of the dusky savages that roamed its boundless wilderness. "The salvation of a single soul," said the noble pioneer, is worth more than the conquest of an empire."

The founder of Canada looked about for "some good priest, who would have zeal and affection for God's glory," and such he found in the Franciscan monk near his native Brouage. Father Joseph La Caron and three companions soon got themselves in readiness for the mission of New France. "They packed their church ornaments," says Champlain, "and we our baggage." Each, in due confession and placed himself in the state of grace. A vessel was boarded at Honfleur, and Champlain and his Franciscan friends hastened across the Atlantic, and stepped ashore at Quebec in May, 1615.

After the erection of a rude little mission, and the celebration of the first Mass in Canada since the days of Cartier, the Fathers took counsel together, and each was assigned a portion of the vast missionary field that stretched around them on every side. The spiritual career of the Hurons fell to Father La Caron, and at once directed his steps towards that distant Indian nation. After paddling one hundred and eighty miles up the St. Lawrence, he came to the present site of Montreal. Scores of canoes lined the shore, and Huron warriors were in abundance. The annual trading expedition had brought them to this point to make exchanges with the French, but in a few days the red-skinned traders would disappear—vanish like an apparition.

The zealous Franciscan was engaged in studying the strange manners and stranger language of his new flock, when Champlain arrived on the Ottawa River. The priest already made up his mind to return with the savages, and winter among them, and the Governor's dissuaves to the contrary were of no avail. "What," exclaimed this hardy apostolic man, "are privations to him whose life is devoted to perpetual poverty—who has no ambition but to serve God?"

The savages were impatient to return home, and Father Le Caron, accompanied by twelve armed Frenchmen, took his place in the fleet of canoes. The first portion of their rugged, watery highway lay up the Ottawa River. The long voyage was no pleasure excursion. "It would be hard to tell you," writes the Franciscan to a friend, "how tired I was with paddling all day with all my strength, among the Indians; wading the river a hundred times and more, through the mud and over the sharp rocks that cut my feet, carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid the rapids and frightful cataracts; and half-starved all the while, for we had nothing to eat but a little *sagouite*—a sort of porridge made of water and pounded maize, of which they gave us a very small allowance every morning and night. But I must also tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make their children of God, he feels an inexorable ardor to labor for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and his life."

On arriving at the tributary waters of the Mattewuan, the canoes turned to the left, skimmed over Lake Nipissing, passed down the French River, and glided into

Lake Huron—Father Le Caron being the first white man who beheld the placid waters of this great inland sea. After paddling along the shores of the Georgian Bay, the fleet of canoes touched the land bathed by its southern waters. The weary travellers had at last reached the ancient country of the Hurons—a district comprised in the present county of Simcoe, Ontario, Canada.

The Indians built a small bark cabin for the missionary near Carhagoula, one of the chief villages. He made an altar, and Champlain arrived in time to be present at the first Mass. It was the 12th of August, 1615—a date that should be hallowed in the memory of all the Catholics of Western Canada. When the Holy Sacrifice was finished, a cross was made, blessed, and erected in the presence of a crowd of wondering savages. The little band of Frenchmen chanted the *Te Deum*; "and then," says Parkman, "as a votive offering, they proclaimed the triumph of the Faith to the *chies, mantous*, and all the brood of anomalous devils who had reigned with undisputed sway wild realms of darkness.

The brave Friar, a true soldier of the Church, had led her forlorn hope into the fastnesses of hell. He had said the first Mass in the country of the Hurons. The idea of law in general, is and must be prior to the idea of particular laws. We cannot assert a law in a given case without having an idea of law in general. We say a particular law is a law because it corresponds with the form of law which exists intrinsically in the mind. The idea of law then does not come from observing phenomena. These phenomena enable us to acquire a knowledge of particular laws, but not of law. The laws of nature in the last analysis, are that intimate and invariable connection which exists between natural causes and effect. The idea of causality, or the principle of causality as it is called, is the basis on which we make our deductions from phenomena. A stone thrown up falls to the ground. The mind referring to its own intuition of causality, asks: what caused it to fall. The experiment is ready to be made. The mind does not "gather an idea of law" but begins instinctively to seek the law in the case. To seek for a law presupposes the idea of law, for we do not seek for that of which we have no idea.

To talk about "gathering an idea of law from a stone falling," is to say that we conclude or deduce laws from phenomena, but we cannot "gather an idea of law" from anything. To gather an idea is like gathering an Ingersoll. It is not usual to gather a unit. You confound idea with judgment or deduction.

The illustration you give to make yourself clear, is a good one. You say: "Ingersoll: 'To make myself clear: Water always runs down hill.'" COMMENT: Water does not always run down hill. To run down hill is an exception to the general mode of the action of water. In the present condition of the earth, the water of the world is upward and outward. This will be admitted of water in the form of steam or vapor. The water that falls as rain has been first taken up by the sun's heat. Water runs up in the capillary tubes of every vegetable that grows.

When, in a few years, Canada was restored to France, Father Le Caron met with such provoking opposition from the civil authorities of the colony, that he was unable to return to his beloved mission, and it is stated that he "died broken-hearted, on the 29th of March, 1634."

When, in a few years, Canada was restored to France, the brave priest who said the first Mass and planted the first cross in the wilderness of Western Canada. "He was," writes Dr. Shea, "a man of eminent piety, zeal, and virtue; and as founder of the Huron mission, one of the greatest servants of God in the annals of the American missions."

NOTES ON INGERSOLL. CONTINUED. BY REV. L. A. LAMBERT, OF WATERLOO, N. Y.

INGERSOLL: "The universe, according to my idea, is always was and forever will be." COMMENT: We have seen that this "idea" involves a contradiction as absurd as that of parallel lines uniting, or that a thing can be and not be at the same time. But other important consequences follow from your "idea."

If this universe of matter alone exists, then intellect or soul must be matter, or form of matter. Sublimated or ethereal matter to an indefinite extent, it yet remains matter. Now if mind is matter it must obey the forces that govern and regulate the action of matter. The forces that govern matter are invariable. From this it follows that every thought of the philosopher, every calculation of the mathematician, every imagination and fancy of the poet, are mere results of the material forces, entirely independent of the individuals conceiving them!

The sublime conceptions and creations of Shakespeare and Milton, the wonderful discoveries of Newton, Arago, and Young, the creations of Raphael and Angelo are nothing more than the flowering and blooming of carnal vegetation. Are all the externs of lunatic asylums prepared to accept this philosophy?

But let us go a little further: you are proud of your philosophy and your wisdom. But why should you be so? If your ideas are the mere results of the forces that govern matter? And why should you try to convert the world to your way of thinking if the world must be governed by the unalterable laws of matter? I believe in the Holy Scriptures. Is that the result of material forces? If so, why try to persuade me to the contrary? If your materialistic theory is true, can I help being a Christian? If I am the victim of unalterable forces or laws, why try to convince or persuade me? Do these material forces compel you to try to persuade me to assent to your non-sense at the same time impel me to reject them?

You are an apostle of liberty and freedom. If there is anything of value in this world it is liberty. You repeat this idea till your readers get tired of it. Now if there is nothing but matter, and if matter is governed by invariable laws, there can be no liberty whatever. Materialism destroys human liberty and free agency, leaving man the victim of fate. You

prize liberty so highly should reputation, but then he had not only retracted when restored to health, but passing from bad to worse, he poured out fuller vials of wrath against God and Christianity. It was then of necessity to receive the most solemn and full abjuration of former infidelities.

HIS DEPARTURE. When Gualtier returned with the archiepiscopal answer, he was refused admission to the dying man. The archbishops, troubled at the *opostasy* of their hero, and dreading that ridicule would fall upon themselves, determined not to allow any minister of religion thenceforth to visit him, finding himself thus cut off from the consolations of religion, Voltaire became infuriated; no reproach, no curse, was deemed too harsh for the D'Alemberts and Diderots who guarded him. "Begone," he said, "it was you who have brought me to my present state. Begone, I contract with you without you all! but you could not have existed without me—and what a wretched glory have you procured me!" And then praying and next blaspheming, now saying: "O Christ!" and next, "I am abandoned by God and man," he wasted away his life, ceasing to curse and blaspheme and lived only on the 30th of May, 1778.

These facts were made public by Mons. Tronchin, a Protestant physician from Geneva, who attended him almost to the last. Horrified at what he had witnessed, he declared that "to see all the furies of Ortesia one had only to be present at the death of Voltaire."—*vous en avez les preuves dans son testament*. "Such a spectacle," he said, "would benefit the young who are in danger of losing the precious habit of religion." The Marquis de Richelieu, too, was so terrified at what he saw, that he left the bedside of Voltaire, deeming that "the sight was too awful for endurance."

THE TERRORS OF HIS DEATH. Vilette, the friend of Voltaire, and of course his copier, Monke, denied these statements, but the great philosopher, Mons. de Lacaze, confirmed what had been stated about the terror of death which had haunted Voltaire. I will transcribe a portion of his letter dated Windsor, Oct. 23, 1797: "Being at Paris in 1781,"—De Lacaze was then in fifty-first year—"I was often in company with Mons. Tronchin. He was an old acquaintance of Voltaire's in Geneva, whence he came to Paris in quality of first physician to the father of the late Duke of Orleans. He was called in during Voltaire's last illness, and I have heard him repeat all these circumstances about which Paris and the whole world were, at that time, speaking; about the mortal state of things he came to, and about the approach of death. Mons. Tronchin did everything in his power to calm him for the agitation he was in as so violent that no remedies could take effect. But he could not succeed; and unable to endure the horror he felt at the peculiar nature of his pain, he abandoned himself. Mons. Tronchin immediately published in all companies the real facts. This he did to furnish an awful lesson to those who calculated on being able to the bed of death to investigate the most fitting dispositions in which to appear before the judgment-seat of God. At that moment, not being able to sleep, and being in the condition of the soul, may frustrate their hopes of making so awful an investigation, for justice and sanctity, as well as goodness, are attributes of God, and He sometimes, as a wholesome admonition to mankind, permits the punishment to begin even against the impious man to begin even in this life, with the tortures of remorse."

Such are facts evidenced by Tronchin and Richelieu and believed in throughout the world relative to the death of the infidel Voltaire.

THE LITTLE SHOE DID IT. A man who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance was once called upon, at a meeting called by a total abstinence society, to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looking for a moment before he spoke, all he could say was: "The little shoes they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard the sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up and the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and fool; I strove drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer; but I did not suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and children—for the woman gets the worst share. But I am no speaker to engage on that; I'll stick to the little shoes I saw one night when I was all but done for—the 'saloon-keeper' child holding out her foot to her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, my friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little, new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason had I to abate others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare! And there, outside was my shivering wife, and blue, chilled child, on a bitter, cold night. I went out to them. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and saw her feet! Men! fathers! the little shoes smote me, how must the feet have smote me! I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; and they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet waked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of shoes. I tasted nothing but a bit of bread all next day; and went to work like a man on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money for liquor. That's all I have got to say—the little shoes that did it."

Bright's Disease, Diabetes. Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and make you ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely and permanently cure you. It destroys and removes the cause of disease so effectually that it never returns.

that force which actuates the phenomenon your statement is not correct and your play on the word "law" is beneath the dignity of a philosopher.

INGERSOLL: "Law does not cause the phenomenon, but the phenomenon causes the idea of law in our minds." COMMENT: If by law you mean the force I have spoken of, it does cause the phenomenon. If you mean by law a mere verbal formula or statement of what a given force will do under given circumstances, you are trifling with the intelligence of your readers. Phenomena may enable us to acquire the knowledge of a law, but as we have already seen, they cannot cause or originate the idea of law in our minds. You can find the idea of law with the knowledge of laws. A philosopher should not write with looseness of expression and indeterminateness of thought. Law in our language has more than one meaning. When speaking of nature, it may mean the action of natural forces, it may mean a verbal formula or statement of what that action is, or will be in given circumstances. Your purpose required that these two meanings should be confounded and you accordingly confounded them.

Phenomena do not cause the idea of law. The mental faculty of associating like events and referring them to a common cause, together with the faculty of generalization, enables us to formulate a law. A series of like phenomena may suggest a law to the mind already possessed of the idea of law, but it does not cause the idea of law. The idea of law must precede the knowledge of a law. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PASTEUR AND RENAN. A Sensation at the French Academy—A Man of Science Pays an Eloquent Tribute to Faith.

Paris, May 1st.—A reception at the Academy is always an event of interest to the intellectual world, not only in France, but beyond it. The interest which attaches to the recent session in that illustrious assembly is not limited to a mere literary or scientific one. The present occasion is a crisis through which the nation is passing, makes every manifestation of faith or unbelief, from the leading representatives of the various schools of thought, a matter of profound and immediate importance. France is just now a great battle-field on which the forces of good and evil are locked in terrible conflict, and the issue of the fight is no less than life or death eternal to future generations.

It was a strange meeting, this late one of M. Pasteur, the man of science, whose patient and luminous studies have already done wonders for suffering humanity (and promise, some say, to solve that appalling physical problem, hydrophobia), and M. Renan, the brilliant, cynical, sentimental skeptic, who took Jesus Christ in His divine humanity for the hero of a romantic and blasphemous legend, and who has confessed himself the leader of the theists and spiritualists, if we may invent a definition for his impious philosophy.

M. Pasteur is a robust and gentle type of student, in whose honest mind the sincere search of natural truth has led to the recognition of it in the supernatural; but he is a battle-field on which the forces of good and evil are locked in terrible conflict, and the issue of the fight is no less than life or death eternal to future generations.

On the 25th of February, then, 1778, Voltaire penned the following blasphemy: "Twenty years more and God will be in a pretty plight." Let us see what was taking place precisely at the time indicated. On the 25th of February, 1778, Voltaire was lying, as was thought, on his bed of death. He had been generally assumed to be past his prime, and was most anxious to propitiate the God whom he had insulted, and the Church which he and his had sworn to destroy; and hence he resolved on addressing himself to a minister of religion in order to receive the sacrament of reconciliation. On the 26th, then, he wrote the following letter to the Abbe Gualtier: "You promised me, sir, to come and hear me. I entreat you to take the trouble to call as soon as possible." The Abbe went at once. A few days after, in the presence of the same Gualtier, the Abbe Mignoz, and the Marquis de Villeroy, the dying man made the following declaration: "I, the undersigned, declare that for these four days past, having been afflicted with a vomiting of blood, at the age of eighty-four, and not having been able to drag myself to church, the Reverend the Rector of St. Sulpice, having been pleased to add to his works that of sending to me the Abbe Gualtier, a priest, I confessed to him, and if it pleases God, I dispose of me, I die in the Catholic Church, in which I was born, hoping that the Divine mercy will deign to pardon all my faults. If ever I have scandalized the Church, I ask pardon of God and of the Church.—24 March, 1778.—Voltaire."

This document was deposited with Mons. Momet, notary, at Paris. It was also, with the permission of Voltaire, carried to the Rector of St. Sulpice and to the Archbishop of Paris, in order that they might witness whether or not the declaration was sufficiently explicit and satisfactory. Twice before, when dangerously ill, this

to some divine power, let them call it Brahma, Allah, or Jehovah, and to whom they may bow the knee in worship and supplication."

The audience, at first amazed, grew gradually more and more warmed to sympathy with the orator, and when the noble student, whose patient life of toil and honorable poverty is in itself a gospel of virtue, lifted his voice in this courageous testimony, talons of applause made the hall ring again, rising a second time and a third, and continuing when M. Pasteur ceased to speak.

It was a great surprise for almost all present, except the thirty-nine brother Academicians, had seen the discouraging testimony, talons of applause made the hall ring again, rising a second time and a third, and continuing when M. Pasteur ceased to speak.

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